

With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN
Author of "The Sowers," "Roden's Corner," "From
One Generation to Another," Etc.

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And he proceeded to perform the duties attendant on his master's wardrobe with a wise, deep-seated shake of the head. While setting the dressing necessities in order on the shaving table, he went further—he winked gravely at himself in the looking glass.

"You've made wonderful progress the last few days, sir," he remarked. "I always told Miss Marie that it would do you a lot of good to have Mr. Gordon to heart you up with his cheery ways—and Miss Gordon, too, sir."

"Yes, but they would not have been much good without all your care before they came. I had turned the corner a week ago—I felt it myself."

Joseph grinned—an honest, open grin of self-satisfaction. He was not one of those persons who like their praise bestowed with subtlety.

"Wonderful!" he repeated to himself, as he went to the well in the garden for his master's bath water. "Wonderful! But I don't understand things—not being a married man."

During the last few days Jack's progress had been rapid enough even to satisfy Joseph. The doctor expressed himself fully reassured and even spoke of returning no more. But he repeated his wish that Jack should leave for England without delay.

"He is quite strong enough to be moved now," he flushed by saying. "There is no reason for further delay."

"No," answered Jocelyn, to whom the order was spoken. "No, none. We will see that he goes by the next boat."

Jocelyn entered the drawing room with a smile. She met Jack at the door.

"The doctor is pleased with your progress," she said. "He does not seem to want to see you any more, and he told me to be inquisitive. He told me to turn you out. You are to leave by the next steamer."

"This is no joking matter," he said, half seriously. "The worst of it is that you seem rather pleased."

"I am—at the thought that you are so much better." She paused and turned quite away, busying herself with a pile of books and magazines.

"The other," she went on too indifferently, "was unfortunately to be foreseen. It is the necessary drawback."

He rose suddenly and walked to the window. It was she who spoke at last.

"He also said," she observed in a practical way, "that you must not come out to Africa again."

He turned as if he had been stung.

"Did he make use of that particular word?" he asked.

"What particular word?"

"Must."

Jocelyn had not foreseen the possibility that the doctor was merely repeating to her what he had told Jack on a previous visit.

"No," she answered. "I think he said 'better not.'"

"However," she added, "you can decide when you get home."

He laughed.

"The least pleasant part of it is," he said, "your evident desire to see the last of me. Could you not disguise that a little, just for the sake of my feelings?"

"Book your passage by the next boat and I will promptly descend to the lowest depths of despair," she replied lightly.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "if you are doing this for a purpose. You said that you met my father."

"Your father is not the man to ask any one's assistance in his own domestic affairs, and anything I attempted to do could only be looked upon as the most unwarrantable interference."

"Yes," said Meredith seriously. "I beg your pardon. You are right."

He went to his own room and summoned Joseph.

"When is the next boat home?" he asked.

"Boat on Thursday, sir."

Meredith nodded. After a little pause he pointed to a chair.

"Just sit down," he said. "I want to talk over this simlacine business with you."

Joseph squared his shoulders and sat down, with a face indicative of the gravest attention. Sitting thus he was no longer a servant, but a partner in the simlacine. He even indulged in a sidelong jerk of the head, as if requesting the attention of some absent friend in a humble sphere of life to this glorious state of affairs.

"You know," said Meredith, "Mr. Durnovo is more or less a blackguard."

Joseph drew in his feet, having previously drawn his trousers up at the knees.

"Yes, sir," he said, glancing up.

"He wants continual watching and a special treatment. He requires some one constantly at his heels."

"Yes, sir," admitted Joseph, with some fervor.

"Now I am ordered home by the doctor," went on Meredith. "I must go by the next boat, but I don't like to go and leave Mr. Osgard in the lurch, with no one to fall back upon but Durnovo, you understand."

Joseph's face had assumed the habitual look of servitude. He was no longer a partner, but a mere retainer, with a half comic resignation in his eyes.

"Yes, sir," scratching the back of his neck. "I am afraid I understand. You want me to go back to that platter, that God forsaken platter, as I may say."

"Yes," said Meredith; "that is about

it. I would go myself—

"God bless you, I know you would," burst in Joseph. "You'd go like winking. There's no one knows that better nor me, sir, and what I says is, 'like master, like man.' Game, sir; game it is! I'll go. I'm not the man to turn my back on a pal, a—partner, sir, so to speak."

"You see," said Meredith, with the deep insight into men that made command so easy to him—"you see there is no one else. There is not another man in Africa who could do it."

"That's true, sir."

"And I think that Mr. Osgard will be looking for you."

"And he won't need to look long, sir. But I should like to see you safe on board the boat; then I'm ready to go."

"Tight. We can both leave by Thursday's boat, and we'll get the captain to drop you and your men at Lopez. We can get things ready by then, I think."

"Easy, sir."

The question thus settled, there seemed to be no necessity to prolong the interview. But Joseph did not move. Meredith waited patiently.

"I'll go up, sir, to the platter," said the servant at length, "and I'll place myself under Mr. Osgard's orders; but before I go I want to give you notice of resignation. I resign my partnership in this 'ere simlacine at six months from today. It's a bit too hot, sir, that's the truth. It's all very well for gentlemen like yourself and Mr. Osgard, with fortunes and fine houses, and, as you'll go, a wife apiece waiting for you at home—it's all very well for you to go about in this blamed country with yer life in yer hand, and not a tight grip at that. But for a poor soldier man like myself, what has smelt the regulation powder all his life, and hasn't got nothing to love and no gal waiting for him at home—well, it isn't good enough. That's what I say, sir, with respects."

He added the last two words by way of apology for having banged a very solid fist on the table.

Joseph rubbed his hands slowly together and departed, leaving his master to begin a long letter to Guy Osgard.

And at the other end of the passage, in her room with the door locked, Jocelyn Gordon was sobbing in a wild burst of grief because she had probably saved the life of Jack Meredith, and in doing so had only succeeded in sending him away from her.

When Jack Meredith said that there was not another man in Africa who could make his way from Loango to the simlacine plateau he spoke no more than the truth. There were only four men in all the world who knew the way, and two of them were isolated on the summit of a lost mountain in the interior. Meredith himself was unfit for the journey. There remained Joseph.

In coming down to Loango Joseph had had the recently made track of Osgard's rescuing party to guide him day by day. He knew that this was now completely overgrown. The simlacine plateau was once more lost to all human knowledge.

And up there, alone amid the clouds, Guy Osgard was, as he himself tersely put it, "sticking to it." He had stuck to it to such good effect that the supply of fresh young simlacine was daily increasing in bulk. Again Victor Durnovo seemed to have regained his better self. He was like a full blooded horse—tractable enough if kept hard at work. He was a different man up on the plateau from what he was down at Loango. There are some men who deteriorate in the wilds, while others are better, stronger, finer creatures away from the luxury of civilization and the softening influence of female society. Of these latter was Victor Durnovo.

Of one thing Guy Osgard soon became aware—namely, that no one could make the men work as could Durnovo. He had merely to walk to the door of his tent to make every picker on the little plateau bend over his tree with renewed attention. And while above all was eagerness and hurry, below, in the valley, this man's name insured peace.

The trees were now beginning to show the good result of pruning and a regular irrigation. Never had the leaves been so vigorous, never had the simlacine trees borne such a bushy, luxuriant growth since the dim, dark days of the flood.

Osgard relapsed into his old hunting ways. Day after day he tranquilly shouldered his rifle, and, alone or followed by one attendant only, he disappeared into the forest only to emerge therefrom at sunset. What he saw there he never spoke of. Sure it was that he must have seen strange things, for no prying white man had set foot in these wilds before him; no book has ever been written of that country that lies around the simlacine plateau.

Osgard was thinking of Millicent Chyne one misty morning while he walked slowly backward and forward before his tent. His knowledge of the country told him that the mist was nothing but the night's accumulation of moisture round the summit of the mountain, that down in the valleys it was clear and that half an hour's sunshine would disperse all. He was waiting for this result when he heard a rifle shot far away in the haze beneath him.

(To be continued.)

Sub scribe for The Sun.

SOCIAL BATTLE FOR I. C. CONTROL

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish Aiding Her Husband.

Enlists Support of Vanderbilts and Astors Her Allies in New York 400.

AN INDEPENDENT CAMPAIGN

New York, Nov. 7.—The fight which Stuyvesant Fish is making against Edward H. Harriman and Wall street for possession of the Illinois Central road has become a social issue as well as a financial and railroad issue. The battle has been taken up in the most exclusive social circles of this city, and bids fair to disrupt the "400" or change that list of illustrious social lights.

It became known several days ago that Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish had taken up the game of battle in aid of her husband, and when Mrs. Fish begins to do things she leads a somewhat strenuous existence. In this fight, it is stated, Mrs. Fish, who has been accredited with being the arbiter of the "400," is as determined to win as is her husband, and if she fails society is likely to get a few unpleasant jars before she gets through.

Aims at High Marks.

The stake for which Mrs. Fish and her friends are playing is the support of Cornelius Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor, both sons of society, both within the pale of influence of Wall street, and both Illinois Central directors.

It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Fish is having an easy time, for like all women successful in society she has rivals, and in rivals she finds enemies who are ever ready to take advantage of her every move in the effort to dethrone her. In this fight, however, Mrs. Fish has succeeded in ranging on her side some of the most powerful social influences in the city of New York. The lines of battle have been drawn, and it is now the dominant portion of society against Wall street, the Standard Oil influence and Edward H. Harriman.

None of those who are vitally interested in the outcome of the Illinois Central fight will admit that they are placing any hope in the efforts which Mrs. Fish is known to be making. They admit, though, that she has taken a hand in the game and that some of her social friends are being put "over the high jumps." Whether they will all take the jump or whether some of them will balk, remains to be seen.

Not Advised by Husband.

It is known, however, that Mrs. Fish is using all her social strength to line up Astor and Vanderbilt in the directors' meeting Wednesday on the side of her husband. The initiative which she is taking was not at the request of her husband. In fact, he is said not to have known anything about the matter until after the campaign was well under way. Then he at first laughed and told her she had better not get into the game. After that he watched moves which his wife has been making with keen interest, not unmixed with amusement. It is a bitter fight indeed from which Stuyvesant Fish cannot extract a grain of humor, and that grain of humor he is finding in the social turmoil which Mrs. Fish and her friends are stirring up on his account.

Fish May Win.

New York, Nov. 7.—It is barely possible Stuyvesant Fish may hold on to Illinois Central presidency by use of telephone.

He is assured of the vote of John C. Welling, of Chicago, but Welling is too sick to leave his bed. If he can talk over the long distance phone, and if the other directors will accept his vote so cast, he will vote for Fish. Even if his vote is accepted, however, there is some doubt as to Cornelius Vanderbilt's position. He has been supposed to be a warm supporter of Fish, but there are rumors now that he will support Harriman. Fish's friends intimate that the battle has gone against him, but say they will take it up again next

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year and win. They insist that Harriman pledged himself to Fish as in favor of peace, and on that condition Fish permitted the election of certain directors, who have now turned against him. They say Fish retains the control of a majority of the stock.

ASSAULT LAID TO SOCIAL LIGHT

Well-Known Woman in St. Louis Is Charged with Injuring Secretary.

St. Louis, Nov. 7.—Miss Grace M. Kelly filed suit today against George W. Brown and his wife, Bettie Brown, who is a leader in society and church work, for \$10,000 damages, alleging that on October 29, 1905, she was assaulted by Mrs. Brown and injured so she was confined to her bed for three months and has since been incapacitated for work. Miss Kelly says at the time of the alleged assault she was employed by Mrs. Brown as social secretary. According to Miss Kelly, the assault occurred in the home of Mrs. Brown. Mr. and Mrs. Brown had some trouble in getting the front door unlocked when they returned from church. Mrs. Brown accused her of carelessness and struck her.

Debate on Education.

London, Nov. 7.—In the house of lords this evening the debate on the education bill advanced as far as clause 4 which provides that the local educational authority "may" afford extended facilities for special religious instructions. Lord Heneage's amendment making the cause mandatory was carried against the government, 157 to 46.

Invitation Accepted.

Paris, Nov. 7.—France has accepted the invitation to send a squadron of warships to the opening of the Jamestown Exposition, April 26, 1907.

In Massachusetts the illegal sale of street railway transfers is made punishable by a fine not exceeding \$50 or imprisonment for not more than thirty days.

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ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. EXCURSION BULLETIN.

Nashville, Tenn.—Southern Conference of Immigration and Quarantine. Dates of sale November 10, 11 and train No. 104 of the 12, 1906. Return limit November 18, 1906. Round trip rate \$1.75.

Gulfport, Miss.—General Convention United Daughters of Confederacy: Dates of sale November 12 and 13, 1906. Return limit Nov. 28, 1906. Round trip rate \$15.60.

Mexico City, Mex.—American Public Health Association: Dates of sale Nov. 22 to 28, 1906, inclusive. Return limit 60 days from date of sale. Stop-overs going and returning at points are authorized on winter tourist tickets. Round trip rate \$52.

Kansas City, Mo.—Trans-Mississippi Congress: Dates of sale Nov. 18 to 21, 1906, inclusive. Return limit Nov. 28, 1906. By depositing ticket and paying fee of \$1.00 an extension may be had to December 18, 1906. Round trip rate \$14.50.

For further particulars apply to J. T. DONOVAN, Agent, Paducah, Ky.

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HOLDING CHILD TIGHT IN ARMS

Mrs. McCord Passed Away During The Night.

Mother and Daughter Found With Arms Entwined Around Each Other by Nurse.

HEART DISEASE THE CAUSE.

Tightly clasping her little daughter in her arms, Mrs. Allie McCord was found dead yesterday morning about 7 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Bettie Dimmick, 312 Ashbrook avenue, Mechanicsburg.

Mrs. McCord had been ill several days. Last week she was taken to the home of Mrs. Dimmick, who is related to her. About 7 o'clock Mrs. Dimmick entered the room of the mother and child to give Mrs. McCord her breakfast. Mrs. Dimmick laid her hand on Mrs. McCord to awake her, and found the face cold.

Deputy Coroner Fred Roth held an inquest, which showed that Mrs. McCord had died of heart trouble with which she had suffered.

She was thirty-six years old and was born in this city. She was the daughter of the late Captain William Augustus, who was connected with the city fire departments for years.

Mrs. McCord is survived by two children, Farley and Rubie McCord, two brothers, Mr. Harry Augustus, of this city, and Mr. James Augustus, of Memphis. Her sister is Mrs. Jack Burke.

AMERICAN WORD MINT PRAISED

Henry Arthur Jones Sees Gain to Language in Snappy Lang.

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 7.—Henry Arthur Jones, the English dramatist, in addressing Yale students today on "Literature and the Modern Drama," said in part: "Your American colloquial language is racier than is ours, has more bite and sting and swarms with lusty young idioms struck off red-hot with vitality. I hear them as I walk your streets, read your journals and try to understand your politics. Your own language is better fitted than ours for the modern living drama and we across the ocean are constantly importing phrases. Your American streets, your drawing-rooms and your courts are recruiting grounds not only for drama, but for rising dramatists. I hope, who will forge and hammer out a distinctive drama for yourselves full of American characters, life and manners."

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Palmer—C. E. Lehman, St. Louis; W. F. Waldkirch, Nashville; B. L. Logan, St. Louis; J. M. Kirk, Louisville; A. G. Chapman, Louisville; R. L. Kennedy, Aurora, Ill.; F. A. Baker, St. Louis; P. H. Darley, Covington; R. E. Glover, Springfield; J. H. Park, Metropolis; W. M. Sullivan, Wickliffe; J. H. Simpkins, Cincinnati; H. M. Jones, Nashville; J. R. Bison and wife, Paris, Tenn.; J. T. Madden, Owensboro.

Belvedere—J. H. Bryan, Owensboro; J. C. McCracken, Thebes, Ill.; J. F. Moss, Clarksville, Tenn.; J. B. Greenville, Baltimore; J. Blum, Nashville; R. L. Smith, Indianapolis; J. Heilbron, Louisville; W. J. Dockstader, Chicago.

Boy Found a Pistol.

Midway, Pa., Nov. 7.—Hazel Nice, 4 years old, was accidentally shot and killed today by her nephew, Wallace Chambourn, 5 years old. The children were playing in a room alone and the boy found a revolver, which he discharged.

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Trust to Nature.

A great many Americans, both men and women, are thin, pale and puny, with poor circulation, because they have ill-treated their stomachs by hasty eating or too much eating, by consuming alcoholic beverages, or by too close confinement to home, office or factory, and in consequence the stomach must be treated in a natural way before they can rectify their earlier mistakes. The muscles in many such people, in fact in every weary, thin and thin-blooded person, do their work with great difficulty. As a result fatigue comes early, is extreme and lasts long. The demand for nutritive aid is ahead of the supply. To insure perfect health every tissue, bone, nerve and muscle should take from the blood certain materials and return to it certain others. It is necessary to prepare the stomach for the work of taking up from the food what is necessary to make good, rich, red blood. We must go to Nature for the remedy. There were certain roots known to the Indians of this country before the advent of the whites which later came to the knowledge of the settlers and which are now growing rapidly in professional favor for the cure of obstinate stomach and liver troubles. These are found to be safe and yet certain in their cleansing and invigorating effect upon the stomach, liver and blood. These are: Golden Seal root, Queen's root, Stone root, Bloodroot, Mandrake root. Then there is Black Cherry bark. The medicinal principles residing in these native roots when extracted with glycerine as a solvent make the most reliable and efficient stomach tonic and liver invigorator, when combined in just the right proportions, as in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Where there is languid vitality, such as nervous exhaustion, bad nutrition—and thin blood, the body acquires vigor and the nerves, blood and all the tissues feel the favorable effect of this sovereign remedy.

Although some physicians have been aware of the high medicinal value of the above mentioned plants, yet few have used pure glycerine as a solvent, and usually the doctors' prescriptions called for the ingredients in varying amounts, with alcohol.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is a scientific preparation compounded of the glyceric extracts of the above mentioned vegetable ingredients and contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs.

HELPLESS—STARVING.

Keeps Vigil Beside Dead Body of Her Mother.

New York, Nov. 7.—Made helpless by rheumatism, Mrs. Mary Donnegan of Brooklyn, had sat starving beside the body of her mother since last Friday afternoon, unable to attract the attention of passers-by until today. For three days and nights her infirmities held her a prisoner in the room with the dead woman. The only person she succeeded in calling before today heartlessly or drunkenly went away and left her to her terrible vigil. This afternoon a tenant of the building reported to the Adams street police station that there was a dead woman on the top floor. Detectives Robertson and Hynes discovered Mrs. Donnegan sitting helpless in a rocking chair beside the body of her mother, Mrs. Katherine Evan.

500 SHOTS FIRED IN RACE RIOT

Two Men Fatally Wounded in Battle at Wiggins, Miss.

Hattiesburg, Miss., Nov. 7.—Two men were fatally wounded and over 500 shots were fired in a race riot at Wiggins, Miss., Sunday afternoon and night William Smith, a negro, in resisting arrest, fired on Marshal Quarrels and Deputy Mitchell, the latter receiving a fatal wound. Later a mob dynamited the jail and fired several volleys into Smith's cell, leaving him for dead. While the mob was storming the jail a crowd of negroes began firing into the ranks of the besiegers and D. M. Clarke, a white man, was fatally injured. Several negroes are supposed to have been shot. Smith was found alive in the jail but his arms had to be amputated.

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